A POSTSCRIPT TO JOHN BULL,

Containing the HISTORY of the

Crown-Inn,

With the *DEATH* of the

WIDOW,

And what happened thereon.

The Third Edition.

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THE HISTORY, &c.

YOU desire me to give you some Account of the Death of the *Widow* at the *CROWN-INN* in the *Metropolis* of this Country; and how Affairs have gone since you left the Place.

The *Widow*, you know, was a good sort of a Woman; she was pious and charitable, and did a great deal of good among her poor Neighbours: Went constantly to the Parish-Church on *Sundays*, and in General had the Character of a conscientious motherly Woman.

Her Husband, whilst he lived, was one of the honestest Men breathing: 'Tis true he would take his Glass in Company, as all his Countrymen will do: But he was a downright honest Fellow, and lov'd the Town; and we shall never forget how tightly he stood by us when Sir *Jacob*, our High

Sheriff, would have infring'd on our *Right of Commoning*. Poor Man! he kept her from ill Advice whilſt he lived, and the whole Country was heartily ſorry for his Death, having not left an honeſter Man behind him in the *Pariſh*.

But what need I tell you things which you are as well acquainted with as my ſelf, only to refreſh your Memory in ſome *Paſſages* previous to your Requeſt? You deſire to know the Diſpoſition of the Eſtate, and how the *Three Farms* ſtand affected at this Day.

You remember at her firſt coming to the Houſe, ſhe found the Debts of an old *Law-Suit* to be paid, which had laſted long, and a new one juſt ready to begin, which no body could gueſs the Event of. Money there was little or none in the Houſe; and only a few *Exchequer* Notes, which no body but the Exciſeman would take for Ready Money.

Her *Tenants* and *Cuſtomers* were very unwilling to ſee her ruined; and as ſhe had treated them very handſomely at her *Houſe-warming*, they ſwore they would ſtand by her againſt all Oppoſers. By Oppoſers you know who they meant: For it was by this time certainly known, that old **Savage** the Extortioner, had ſet up a *Competitor* againſt her, *Pretending* he was a real *Branch* of the antient Family of the **Shute**'s, formerly Lords of the *MANOR*, and brought a Writ of Ejectment in his Name, and fee'd Council againſt the Widow. This **Savage** is one who has always made it his buſineſs to entertain Renegadoes and Impoſtors; and by forged Deeds and Wills to take Poſſeſſion

of

of Eſtates, and then maintain them by troubleſome Law-Suits; till at laſt he has ſhared a handſome Compoſition for himſelf. You cannot chuſe too but know, that both by *Will* and *Deed* of Gift, the Houſe it ſelf as well as the *Three Farms* had been ſettled on her near *Kinſman* Mr. WRIGHT, (a Man whom all the honeſt *Tenants* wiſhed to ſucceed her) as well in her Life, as in the time of her *Predeceſſor*.

To be ſhort (as you muſt needs know) a hazardous *Suit* commenced; and becauſe it ſhould not ly too hard upon the Widow, many of her Friends became Parties to it. Honeſt *John Truſty*, by general Conſent was made chief Agent in the *Cauſe*, who the firſt *Term* put the *Widow*'s Affairs in a good poſture; and for ſeveral *Terms* following was continually gaining one Advantage or other over her Adverſaries; ſo that they began now to ſue for *Compoſition*, and a Meeting was appointed on both ſides; but refuſing to allow ſufficient Coſts and Damages, the *Law* went on.

In this promiſing State ſtood Affairs, when that furious *Pulpiteer*, the *Curate* of *High-Ham*, came to preach at *Hockley*, where having pack'd up a Sermon for the purpoſe, he infus'd Sedition among the *Widow*'s *Tenants* and *Cuſtomers*, inſinuating, that ſhe began to ſell in *ſhort Meaſure*, Brew'd with *Home-made Malt*, and let her *Lawyers*, *Book-keepers*, *Oſtlers*, *Chamberlain*, *Tapſter*, *&c.* run away with what ſhould pay the *Exciſe*. He inveighed vehemently againſt the *Parſon of the Pariſh*, and other *Heads* of the Town, for not repairing the CHURCH, one part of which he

ſaid

ſaid was *damaged*, and ready to *fall*; whilſt the *Conventicle* was upheld by ſome about her, and a Parcel of *GIPSIES* kept privately in the *Barn* to eat her out of Houſe and Home.

The Fellow had a good Talent at Railing, and could run on with as much Impudence as a Mountebank exhibits his Pacquet: In ſhort the Poiſon worked ſo ſubtly, that the whole Country was put in a Ferment. The Curate was taken up, and brought before the *Bench of Juſtices*; where tho' he was reprimanded, and ordered to find Sureties for his *Good Behaviour* for 3 Years, yet it did not quiet the People, who cry'd out, *The Church, the Church!* and ran up and down in Tumults, as tho' it had been falling on their Heads; whilſt to ſtrengthen the matter, the *Curate* took a *Journey* round the Country, poſſeſſing the People that the *Houſe* was haunted, and bid them take care how they came near it any more, directing them to the **Pope's head** and **Dagger**, near the **Croſs**.

At this time one *Robin Sly-boots*, a *Welch Button-maker*, a notorious cunning Fellow, and fam'd for a *Conjurer*, who had formerly belonged to the Family, but was turned out, for making too bold with the *Widow*'s Secrets. This Fellow took his Opportunity to corrupt one of the *Widow*'s Maids, by pretending to tell her her Fortune, which ſuch gigling Wenches are generally fond of; ſo that taking her one Day, as ſhe was ſweeping the Rooms, and making the Beds, he began in this manner.

" *Nab*, ſays he, I have often taken notice that " thou art a Pains-taking, induſtrious Girl, and haſt " lived a great while in thy Service without co-

" ming

" ming to any Advancement. 'Tis true, you ſweep
" the Rooms, make the Beds, and get a little ſor-
" ry Vails of the *Gueſts*, but 'tis Mrs. *Sarah* runs
" away with all the Profit, and keeps her whole
" Family at your Miſtreſſes charge. But tho' ſhe
" now flouts the *Widow*, and flies and bounces like
" bottled Ale, thou ſhalt one day, if thou tak'ſt
" my Advice, come to be as high as ſhe: Remem-
" ber it, *Nab*, I ſay. thou ſhalt come to be a Lady.

" Bleſs me, ſays *Nab*, (with a ſimpering Coun-
" tenance, knowing he had long had the Reputati-
" of a Conjurer) is it poſſible that I ſhould come
" to ſuch Preferment as you ſay? That you may
" believe me, ſays *Robin*, go preſently, and look
" on the Bed in the *Green-Room*, there lies a *Calicoe*
" *Gown* and *Petticoat*, lin'd thro' with the ſame;
" ask your Miſtreſs for it, and ſhe will give it you.
" As you find this true, believe me in the reſt.

Nab, no longer able to contain her ſelf flung down her Beſom, and ran to the place, where finding it as he had ſaid, ſhe returned overjoyed.

" But, Mr. *Slyboots*, ſays *Nab*, how is this thing
" to be effected? I'll tell you, ſays *Robin*,— At
" Midnight, when all things are quiet, you ſhall
" plant me in ſome Corner; and for the greater
" Solemnity I will have my *Conjurers Gown* on.
" You muſt on your part infuſe ſtrange things into
" her Head, and tell her as many *Tales* as you can
" of the Servants. Then bring in ſome talk of the
" *Curate*; tell her what a good Man he is, and
" that he had always a great Reſpect for her; in-
" ſinuate that the Deſign of bringing him before
" the *Bench of Juſtices* was to diſgrace the *Church*,

" and

" and that thoſe who were his Friends, ſhe may aſ-
" ſure her ſelf are hers ; and whilſt ſhe is muſing
" on theſe things, for I know it will work on her
" Religious Spirit, I will appear, and then leave
" the reſt to me.

Nab, in the mean time, had got the *Gown* and *Petticoat* which *Robin* ſpoke of, and was pretty ſure the reſt of his *Predictions* would follow. In fine, the *Widow* was ſo poſſeſſed and deluded by *Nab*'s whining, and her Conjuring Cant, that, tho' otherwiſe a Woman of Senſe, ſhe grew perfectly enflam'd, ſo that without examining farther into the matter, giving Ear to *Nab*'s Tales, ſhe preſently began to reform her Family ; and a great many of the honeſteſt *Tenants* had warning given them againſt the next Quarter-day. However the *Law-Suit* continuing, they did not yet think fit to turn out honeſt *John* the *Agent*, becauſe the taking the *Papers* out of his hands might be dangerous to the *CAUSE*.

Among the reſt, to make room for *Robin*, *Ralph* the *Caſh-keeper* was diſmiſſed, a downright honeſt Fellow, and had held his Place long with great Integrity, tho' many of her beſt *Cuſtomers* told her they would leave the Houſe, and ſtand by her no longer, if ſhe took theſe Courſes. But all did not avail ; every thing went as *Robin* adviſed ; in fine, ſhe turn'd away all her old honeſt Servants, diſſolved the *Club* that was kept at her Houſe, and none were held in favour but ſuch as had appeared to be Friends to the *Curate*, or were *Robin*'s Creatures. *Robin* was firſt made *Book-keeper* and *Under-Caſh-keeper*, and after *Head-Caſh-keeper*, which was what

what he all along aimed at. He grew angry now at being called plain *Robin*, and nothing would go down but Mr. *Slyboots* at every word. He changed his Sign, which was before the *three Botton-moles*, and hung up in the room of it the *Star* and *Garter* finely painted, and had Vanity and Impudence enough to take the two *Angels* for *Supporters* to his *Sign-Poſt*. All that he ſaid or did, if it may bear an old Pun, was *Bob as a Robin*; he brought in all his Friends, Fellows, as poor as *Howlets*, to rule the Roaſt, and fill their hungry Bellies at the Widow's Table; ſuch an avaritious Crew as were hardly worth hanging; a Medley of *Welch Crate-Carriers*, *Pedlars*, Retalers of *Hob-nails*, *Brick-duſt*, &c. and among the reſt advanced *Harry Acumy*, the Brazier, an audacious, lewd young Fellow, to be one of the *Clerks of the Brew-Houſe*. This was a docible young Dog for *Robin*'s Purpoſe, and by a pert way of ſpeaking in the *Club*, dextrouſly advanc'd the Reputation of *Robin*'s Proceedings. In ſhort, all went ſwimmingly in the *INN* for a Year or two, and the Rogues with thriving Faces, careſſed one another in their Iniquity.

But they found the *Law Suit* began to hang heavy on their Hands; they had not the ſame Credit that the former Servants had to borrow Money, and they had none of their own to lend: The *Rino* was wanted to pay Fees, and the *Tenants* were very backward to advance more; ſo that finding they were like to bring an old Houſe upon their Heads if they went on, they were reſolved at any rate to come to an Accommodation; and *Harry Aucumy* was ſent privately to old **Savage**'s Houſe to treat about

it, tho' they had ſtill told the *Tenants* it ſhould be puſh'd on *vigourouſly* next *Term*, and conſtantly got Money out of them for that purpoſe.

Thinking their Buſineſs was now done, they put honeſt *John Truſty* out of the Agency, and like a Parcel of ungrateful Curs, ſet their Black-Guard to pelt him; but the honeſt People of the Town could not forbear expreſſing their Love in reſpect to his upright an judicious dealing, by welcoming him Home with loud Acclamations, which fretted the Rogues to the Plucks to ſee him ſo careſſed, by whoſe good *Management* the *Cauſe* had been brought to that Iſſue, that *Judgment* was order'd to be enter'd up, and *Execution* would certainly have followed the very next *Term*. It will be tedious to relate all the intricate Paſſages of the Law, and how the Widow's Friends reſolved to carry the Cauſe on without her, but that *Robin* had ordered the new Agent *Jacob Ruſh* to ſtifle many of the chief Witneſſes, by which the Adverſary's Attorney found means to ſtop Judgment.

To amuſe the *Tenants*, who they knew would be alarm'd at this Proceeding, it was given out, that the *Widow*'s *Friends* had not paid their ſhare of the *Law-Charges*, but that all the Burden had lain upon her, which had run her grievouſly in Debt, and that ſhe was in a manner forc'd to a Compoſition, and had Offers now of a very good one, much to the Advantage of her ſelf and her Friends. This took with the ſilly People, and in ſpight of all the Intreaties of her honeſt *Tenants*, an Agreement ſoon followed, which however had taken up more time and Money to effect, than would have decided it at *Common-Law*.

'Tis

'Tis true we burnt our Faggot-ſtacks, ſet the Bells a ringing, and illuminated our Windows, but we ſoon experienc'd, that Humiliation would have become us better. The Houſe loſt its Trade, and no body in Town almoſt had any thing to do. People began to ſee into this, when it was too late, and no Remedy could be found to help them. Our *old Friends* exclamed againſt us, as a treacherous and baſe ſort of People, and ſhunn'd the Town, and our new ones apparently ſlighted us, tho' we had done them ſuch ſignal Service? Nor could we ſo much as obtain to have the *Quarter-Seſſions* kept here, tho' our Credit before uſed to draw every Body to us.

They began to cavil now at the *Widow*'s Will in favour of Mr. WRIGHT, and tho' they durſt not openly declare themſelves, yet 'tis known they were endeavouring to inveigle the People into an Opinion of young **Shute**'s Title, and diſpers'd *Papers* to prove it, nor did they uſe Mr. WRIGHT as tho' they ever expected he would come to the Eſtate. All we could do was to wiſh them hang'd before they ſhould bring it to paſs; for you muſt know we hate the young Fellow heartily: His Father Sir *Jacob* (if he was honeſtly begot) uſued us horribly, quarter'd Soldiers upon us, threaten'd our *Charter*, and play'd the Devil for God's-ſake thro' the whole Country, till we were fain to ſend him packing; and 'tis very well known the young Rogue will never forgive us for't.

The *Widow* being to ſend one to old **Savage**'s to adjuſt Accounts on the Accommodation, who ſhould theſe *Achitophels* adviſe her to but

Jacob Booty, a notorious Friend to the Family of the **Shute**'s. This put us in ſuch a Fright that we were ready to offer a Leg or Arm, out of every Family for Indemnity: for we ſuppoſed he could have no other *Buſineſs* but to ſtrike up a Bargain at old **Savage**'s; but as it happened we had the good Fortune to ſee him die before he ſet out, who 'tis ſaid, endeavoured to give the *Young Gentleman* Poſſeſſion of the *North* Farm, with deſign to burn and plunder it, if he could not hold it by Law.

In ſhort every day produced freſh Inſtances of our Misfortunes, and of the Villanies of thoſe who had betrayed us: Old **Savage**, who before we had reduced to be as poor as a *Church Mouſe*, ſo that he lay even at our Mercy, began to bully us again, reſerving many of the Conditions of the Agreement unexecuted. He demoliſhed a *Turn-pike* upon the *River*, which had been a great Annoyance to our *Trade*, but fallaciouſly erected another a little nearer home, and eluded the chief Article of the *Accomodation*; he promiſed to diſmiſs young **Shute** out of his Family, and with a mental Reſervation only ſent him to board with one of his Tenants at next door. Moreover he engaged to uſe his Intereſt with young *Savage* his Grandſon in behalf of ſome *Poor People* that lay at his Mercy on account of ſerving the *Widow*, who appear'd under a great concern for them, inſtead of which like an accompliſh'd *Hypocrite*, he ſent his *Mirmidons* and *Bailiffs* to haul them to *Execution*.

Every

Every thing was acted with the ſame Candour, and ſeem'd to be pulling on our Ruin, whilſt our *Agents* at home, out of the poorneſs of Spirit, durſt not wag a Tongue, or a Finger, againſt him, they lay ſo open and ſo expoſed by the Rogueries he was privy to. Ah poor *Country!* what could relieve thee but a Miracle? Or what animate thy hopes, but the Interpoſition of *Providence*, that dear, that eternal Providence, which had reſcu'd thee in the like Caſes of imminent Danger? Would you believe it, Sir, that theſe *Deſperados* having no other way to ſhelter themſelves, were juſt entering into a Conſpiracy to undermine Mr. WRIGHT'S Intereſt, and carry the Trade to the **Pope's-head.**

It could not be expected that Men aſſociated in Miſchief ſhould long agree among themſelves, which Maxim 'tis very probable produced the old Proverb, *When* R———s *and* W———s *fall out honeſt Men come by their Goods.* You may apply it as you pleaſe; the uſe I ſhall make of it is only to tell you that the Houſe began to be divided againſt it ſelf, and ſo could not ſtand long; *Robin* had now brought up a Bird to pick out his Eyes; his *Pupil Harry* had got the Start of him, and jockyed him out of the Widow's Favour. *Harry* took up a reſolution to ſpur at all, *aut Cæſar aut nullus*; but *Robin*, who had always a great Veneration for his Neck, was willing to jog on ſoberly; *Harry*, out of the Vivacity of his Temper, told him he was a Fellow of no Spirit, and that his Cowardice quite baulk'd the Cauſe: Yes, ſays *Robin*, (very dryly) but it may be a means of ſaving your Neck, if you take Example by it, and act with a

little more Deliberation and Gravity. This in the end came to an open Rupture, ſo that one Day above the reſt they fell to it Pel-mel before the *Widow*. *Robin* among other things charged him with Ingratitude, and told him, " He took him up an " idle, looſe, young Fellow, ſtragling about the " Town, when he had hardly Nine-Pence in his " Pocket to go to a Whore withal; that he brought " him acquainted at the Widow's, and put him in- " to Buſineſs he might live handſomely upon, if " he had the Grace to follow it; but that it was " plain he was as looſe as ever, and his Manage- " ment would be the Ruin of his Miſtreſs, if he " went on as he begun. *Harry* juſtly fired at this Language, call'd him *muddy-headed Fellow*, and ſaid, " If it had not been for him his *Miſtreſs* might " have made a more advantageous *Compoſition*. *Robin* in return to that, upbraided him with his hair-brain'd Negotiations, and that he ſuffer'd himſelf be made drunk, and over-reached at old **Savage's**, where, ſays he, unleſs your *Interview* with young **Shute** (for which I hope to ſee you hang'd) a few fine Congees, and two or three lewd *Intrigues*, the reſt was owing to your Companion *Matt.* the *Tavern-boy*, who was fain to carry Brains for his Maſter. *Harry* could hardly contain himſelf, but with a very cloudy Brow, told him, he had neither Brains, nor any other Merit to raiſe him above the Character of a *Trickſter*: We know now, ſays he, why none but *Couſin Tom* could be truſted at Mr. WRIGHT'S; but thou waſt ever a trimming, equivocal Raſcal, and woo't ſo continue.

Sim

Sim the *Scrivener* put in a word on the ſame ſide, whom *Robin* took up very ſmartly. As for your part, ſays *Robin*, did I not raiſe you from a *Petifogger* to be *what you are, took you from writing hackney up and down, lent you Money to pay your Debts, and help'd you to live like a Man, and you to conſpire againſt me too: But by* Jove, rapping his Knuckles upon the Table, *I'll make you all as poor and begarly as I found you*! Thou wert always a Trickſter, replyed *Sim. I hated you before, but now I deſpiſe you. Nab.* too open'd her Quail-pipe at *Robin*, but what ſhe ſaid is not recorded.

The *Widow* heard all this with a mixture of Grief and Surprize; but above all ſhe wondred to hear them talk of a better *Compoſition*, when ſhe had all along been told, *it was a very good one*; ſhe plainly perceived now ſhe had been trick'd, eſpecially by *Robin*, who' ſhe declar'd, *had not told her one word of truth from the beginning*; ſo that *Harry* for the preſent ſeem'd to carry his *Point*. *Robin* was order'd to deliver up his Books, which were ſoon after given to the *Chamberlain*, one of the honeſteſt Servants in the Family, which partly ſhewed the Widow's good Diſpoſition; for as he was known to be very well affected to Mr. WRIGHT's Title, it ſhewed her own Inclination thereto, by pitching on a Perſon ſo very acceptable. This rejoic'd People ſtrangely, and the more, becauſe there had paſſed a current Rumour for ſome time, that they had been tampering with her to transfer the Eſtate to young Shutt, after her Deceaſe, contrary to Law. How true it is, God knows, but it ſeems they were diſappointed. And I can aſſure you ſhe told ſome of her Friends, that ſhe had often repented the diſmiſſing her old Servants, who had ſerved her faithfully, and given Content to her Cuſtomers; and if it pleaſed God to grant her Life and Health, ſhe would make a very great *Alteration* in Affairs.

But in ſhort, what thro' the Grief and Fright ſhe had conceived at their unmannerly Behaviour before her, and the Anguiſh of a former Diſtemper, it threw the Pain into her Head with ſuch Violence, that it ſoon put an end to her Life, for which the whole Town ſhew'd a general Concern, and lamented her as a pious, good, and charitable Woman, whom it may be truly ſaid, *they brought with Sorrow to the Grave.*

Immediately after ſhe expir'd, the *Truſtees* took Poſſeſſion of the *Premiſes* in Mr. WRIGHT's Name. I cannot deſcribe the Infinite Joy on this Occaſion, and that wonderful Satisfacti-

on

on that appeared in People's Countenances : All was acted with that Calmneſs and Unanimity, that Cheerfulneſs and Alacrity, as ſeemed plainly to prognoſticate our future Good : No one was wanting to do his part ; nay, even the *Parſon of the Pariſh*, tho' crazy with Age and Infirmities, yet appear'd abroad that Day to countenance Mr. WRIGHT's Title, being one of the *Feofees* in *Truſt* for him.

Poor *Harry Aucumy*, indeed, appeared under a very deep preſſure of mind ; not ſo much for the Loſs of the *Widow*, as the ſole Power and Grandeur he conceived himſelf fallen from, and the Inconveniences his paſt Conduct might bring him into ; for he knew in his Conſcience he ſhould find it a difficult matter to acquit himſelf honeſtly to Mr. WRIGHT. This occaſion'd a viſible Alteration in his Countenance, and poor *Harry* looked as queer and dejected as one of the Vulgar. He put himſelf in cloſe *Morning*, and exploded all Lewdneſs for nine Days, which you know is the ultimate date of all Wonders, eſpecially with *Harry*. *John Squamiſh*, the Head-Tapſter, a queer inſignificant Fellow of *Bob*'s preferring ; *Sam. Peticoat*, the Warehouſe-keeper ; *Will. Wildfire*, *Harry*'s Intimate ; *Dick*, the Powder-Monkey, and *Nab*, his Siſter, who with ſome others ſeem to lament with the ſame Humiliation and Concern the great Viciſſitude of Fortune.

We expect our new *Landlord* with the utmoſt Impatience ; and then you will have a farther Account of what happens ; aſſuring you that this leaves us under the moſt promiſing Aſpect of having our Affairs retriev'd again from the languiſhing Condition the laſt three Years had thrown them into ; and perhaps, you never ſay a more viſible Spirit of Joy than appears at preſent.

Yours, &c.

P. S. As I divined, poor *Harry* is diſmiſs'd from his *Clerk-ſhip*, by order of Mr. WRIGHT, and a Padlock clapp'd on the *Counting-Houſe* : Juſt now I learnt from a Friend that his Accounts are very confuſed, and occaſion divers Speculations. We are like to have a great Seſſions on't next time. *Bob* laughs in his Sleeve.

Adieu.

FINIS.